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No. I.

An Epitaph.

In truest tune were heart and head,
Like a chord that answers chord
From a sweet-toned instrument.

Faith and love in him were wed,
Of his life great Truth was lord;—
God has taken him He sent,—

God has taken,—but has left
Lessons high for us bereft!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Our Departed President.

Everywhere throughout the land and beyond the seas, carrying with it shock and sorrow to the hearts of countless friends of *Alma Mater*, the sad intelligence has already been flashed that the REV. THOMAS E. WALSH, C. S. C., our beloved President, is no more. Early on Monday morning, the 17th inst., the Community at Notre Dame was startled by the receipt of a dispatch from St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee, conveying the tidings of the death of Rev. President Walsh. It is true that all day Sunday, and during the night, messages were received at intervals giving warning of the rapid inroads of the disease from which he suffered. His devoted attendant, Bro. Paul C. S. C., who had been constantly by his side, from the time he left Notre Dame, after Commencement, kept his superiors informed as to the condition of the patient for whom such deep anxiety was felt by everyone here. So that, though all were prepared for the worst, yet unwilling to realize that the worst could happen—hoping and praying that, in the merciful designs of God's Providence,

one so gifted and so capable for good might be spared to continue his potent influence for the benefit of humanity and religion—the tidings that he had been called away from earth caused a shock and a pang of grief which will endure for many a day to come.

Submissive, indeed, is every Christian heart to the will of Him who doth all things for the best; but, at the same time, it is a divinely-given nature that causes one to grieve at the loss of a friend and guide. For in his capacity as President of a great University, and in his office as assistant to the Superior General, Father Walsh had been the counsellor and director of students and religious who will miss him, and whose hearts will be saddened by his early demise, whilst they find their consolation in the prayers which they offer that God may give him light and peace, and intensify the workings of His Providence over all.

For more than two years Father Walsh had suffered from the disease which terminated so fatally. But with heroic, self-sacrificing devotion to duty he continued at his post, allowing himself but little temporary relaxation for a rest so greatly needed. During the commencement exercises in June the visitors were greeted with the same genial smile and cordiality as in years past, and, except in the confidences of intimate friendship, none knew of the suffering concealed beneath that pleasant exterior. It was only when all was over, when quiet succeeded the departure of students and friends, he thought of giving himself that care and attention which the serious condition of his malady demanded.

In company with Bro. Paul and Prof. Edwards Father Walsh went to Waukesha Springs, Wis. There he remained for two weeks, when, instead of meeting with the improvement hoped for,

his condition became more serious, he was removed to St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee, for special treatment. Here but one short week glided by, when, despite the attendance of an eminent specialist, and all the care and attention of the devoted Sisters of the hospital, he gradually sank, and the final summons called his spirit from its afflicted mortal tenement.

Fully realizing his condition, he saw the end fast approaching and prepared himself to

On Sunday morning he made his confession to Father Ryan, Chaplain of the Hospital, received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction and calmly prepared for the end.

During the night gathered around his bedside, were his fellow-priests, the Rev. Fathers Condon and Spillard of Notre Dame, and the Rev. Father McGarry, an old-time friend and schoolmate from Montreal; Bro. Paul and Prof. O'Dea, of the University, Rev. Father Nugent, Des Moines, Rev. Fathers Gleeson, S. J., and

Ryan of Milwaukee, and his devoted nurses, Sisters Loreto, Cecilia and Angela of the hospital. Father Walsh suffered greatly, but expressed his perfect resignation and fervently joined in the prayers that were recited for him. Towards the dawn of day he became more restful, and at fifteen minutes past 5 o'clock his soul passed peacefully away into the hands of its Lord and God.

The remains were brought from Milwaukee, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Condon, Spillard, McGarry and Bro. Paul, and arrived at the depot in South Bend at eleven o'clock Monday night. The casket was placed in the funeral car and taken at once to Notre Dame. Just as the clock was telling the hour of midnight the precious burden was borne up the College steps and reverently placed upon a dais under a sombre canopy in the centre of the heavily draped parlor. There the remains lay in state until Wednesday morning, while hundreds of the clergy, religious, old students and friends from far and near came to look for the last time upon the familiar features of one whom they loved and revered in life.



REV. THOMAS E. WALSH, C. S. C.

appear in the presence of his God. A few days before he died he asked Brother Paul, who was his faithful attendant, constantly by his side ministering to his wants, to give him the Directory of the Community that he might recite the prayers and aspirations for the dying. The book was not at hand. "Well," said Father Walsh, "do not mind. I can recollect myself. I know what I must do and can prepare myself."

Wednesday morning found gathered at Notre Dame a large concourse of friends of the clergy and laity who had come to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed President. The pathetic beauty of the drapings of woe around the College buildings, within and without; the sadness depicted upon each countenance and revealed in each slow and measured pace, spoke more powerfully than words of the grief with which every heart was oppressed. When the

time arrived for the last rites of holy religion over the lamented deceased the college church was filled to its utmost capacity. But once before in the history of the sacred edifice was such a throng witnessed within its walls. It was a silent but deeply expressive testimony to the widespread appreciation of the worth of the dead priest and the general sorrow at his, humanly speaking, untimely demise.

At half-past nine o'clock, the *cortège* was formed in the sacristy, when the cross-bearer, acolytes, members of the clergy and Very Rev. Provincial Corby, attended by Fathers Spillard and O'Connell, proceeded processionaly to the college parlor, and after the recitation of the prayers of the Ritual conducted the remains to the church. The pall-bearers were the Very Rev. P. Beaudet, C. S. C., Provincial of Canada; Rev. John O'Keefe, C. S. C., President Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis.; Rev. M. McGarry, College de Ste.-Croix, St. Laurent, Montreal; Rev. Dennis Tighe, Rector Holy Angels' Church, Chicago; Rev. John R. Dinnen, Rector St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Rev. P. Johannes, Rector St. Mary's Church, South Bend; Rev. P. W. Condon, Rector St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis.; Rev. P. Franciscus, Superior of Professed House, Notre Dame.

When all had assembled within the church the office of the dead was sung, the large body of priests dividing into two choirs and singing the psalms in alternate verses. This was followed by Pontifical requiem Mass, Rt. Rev. Bishop Rädemacher officiating as celebrant, Very Rev. Father Corby as assistant priest, Very Rev. Father Brammer, of Fort Wayne, and Very Rev. Father A. B. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, as deacons of honor; Rev. Father Spillard and Rev. Father O'Connell, deacons of the Mass. Rev. James French, of Notre Dame, was master of ceremonies, and Bro. Basil presided at the organ. In the sanctuary were the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, and the Rt. Rev. James Ryan, D. D., Bishop of Alton.

After Mass Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding preached a masterly funeral sermon of forty minutes' duration. He spoke of Father Walsh as a friend, and eloquently did he dwell upon the life work of the distinguished dead. In another part of this paper we give a report of the Bishop's sermon, from which we are indebted to the kindly offices of the *South Bend Tribune*.

At its conclusion Right Rev. Bishop Rädemacher pronounced the last absolution, and this terminated the very impressive services which closed about a quarter to one o'clock.

The interment did not take place until three o'clock, in deference to the wishes of the sister of the deceased, Miss Ellen Walsh, of Montreal, whose arrival had been delayed. A brother, Mr. John Walsh of New York, reached Notre Dame during the ceremonies of the morning.

At the appointed time the religious, clergy and friends again assembled in the church, and the remains of the loved departed were conveyed in solemn, mournful procession to their resting-place in the beautiful little cemetery of the Community. Very Rev. Provincial Corby officiated at the last sad rites, and whilst the prayers of holy Church were recited, the body of Father Walsh was tenderly lowered into the tomb, there to await the summons of a glorious resurrection. His noble spirit had winged its flight to its Creator, but it has left in the midst of its sphere of useful, beneficent activity the sweet, refining, all-pervading influence of a memory which will never die.

* * *

Rev. Thomas E. Walsh was born in Montreal, Canada, on the 15th of May, 1853. His primary studies were pursued in the common schools of his native city, and from a very early age he gave evidence of the unusual talents with which he was gifted. In the year 1868 he entered the College of St. Laurent, near Montreal, a flourishing institution conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Cross, and for four years pursued his collegiate studies, winning golden opinions, and displaying a profundity of thought phenomenal in one so young. As he drew near the completion of his collegiate course, feeling himself called to the religious life and the exercise of the sacred ministry, he applied for admission and was received into the novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Whilst following the practices of the noble state of life upon which he had now entered, he continued to apply himself with his usual earnestness and successful industry to the studies requisite to fit him for the high office to which he aspired—the office of the Priest.

His superiors, recognizing the talents of the youthful Levite, and wishing to afford them a larger field for their exercise, determined to send him to Paris, where the Congregation at that time had its Mother-House and also conducted a college. Accordingly, in the fall of the year 1873 Father Walsh found himself installed as an inmate of the College of Ste.-Croix, at Neuilly, Paris. Here he remained three years, perfecting himself in various branches of study, at the same time teaching several classes in the college.

In September, 1876, his superiors transferred him to Notre Dame, where he was appointed to a professorship in the University. During the two years that followed he taught the higher classes of the classical course, and by his genial disposition and brilliant talents acquired that popularity among professors and students which he has retained ever after.

In the summer of 1877 Father Walsh was appointed to the office of Vice-President and Director of Studies. A few months later, having completed his theological studies, he was raised to the sacred priesthood. From the very outset his career as a college officer was marked by singular ability and efficiency. And amid the ruin and desolation wrought by the great fire in '79—which is so well known and has been so graphically described—Father Walsh, by his wise counsel and active co-operation, aided not a little in the rapid restoration of Notre Dame.

During the vacation of '81, a change was made in the administration of the College, whereby Father Walsh succeeded to the Presidency of the institution, the office which he held with honor and success until his death. Under his administration Notre Dame entered upon an era of prosperity unparalleled in her history. It was, indeed, a brilliant testimonial to his wise and efficient government to witness an attendance of students from all parts of the country, such as but few of the leading educational institutions of the land can equal.

Among the many improvements made under President Walsh's administration, we must note the addition of the two wings, to the main building, thus completing its original design; the erection of Science Hall—a building devoted to the interests of the advanced students in science—containing the museum, scientific apparatus, etc. He gave special attention to the work of increasing and developing the University Library, and has made it a credit to the institution and of great usefulness to the student. Besides these material improvements, others of a higher order especially characterized Father Walsh's work and must remain a lasting monument in his honor. His energy and ability influenced in a marked degree great progress towards perfection in the moral and mental training of the student. One of his many good works was the establishment of a temperance organization in the college, which possesses a large membership, and is effectively producing its fruit in imbuing the

youthful mind with principles of self-control which will endure in after-life.

In the present number we can make but little more than a simple record. We hope in the near future to pay a juster tribute to the life-work of President Walsh.

Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.

BY L. M'GRISKIN, A. M.

Farewell! rest with Jesus forever,
Like John at the Supper of love;
So gentle a spirit could never
Be happy below, but above.

The Godhead that dwelt in the Saviour
Found a home in that bosom again:
We learned from your looks and behavior
How Jesus walked once among men.

Your joy was the children's caressing
With the smile on your face of God's love
As the token of peace and of blessing
The Father would send from above.

The sunshine of hope and of gladness
Your nature still loved to impart,
And sorrow fled from you and sadness,
Like sin from the sanctified heart.

In trial and trouble you've striven
And trusted in God, never faint,
For you were appointed by Heaven
To finish the work of a saint.

Long live Notre Dame! for your labor
Has there an evangelist's page
To tell how the love of the neighbor
Wasn't dead in an infidel age.

For Faith has its holocaust ever,
Which the fire from above will consume;
The victim of love and endeavor
Too early you've gone to the tomb.

You loved Notre Dame—'twas your glory
To raise her to heaven sublime,
And if one life could blazon her story
Her name will go down to all time!

But the hearts that are now weeping o'er you
Like the woman of Israel would say,
"O blest is the mother that bore you,"
Tho' for her it be Calvary's day.

For you were the child, too, of promise,
A blessing and light to mankind,
And God who has taken you from us
Leaves your life as a gospel behind.

Bishop Spalding's Sermon.

"He that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live: and every one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever.

—ST. JOHN, xi, 25, 26.

MY DEAR BRETHREN:—Our religion is the principle and the doctrine of life. Christ came into the world bearing with Him God's life. Not through any speculative motive; not through any intellectual process, but by divine intuition, receiving from the infinite Heart of the Eternal the most perfect truth. He tells us that the primary and boundless fact is the fact of life, not death; that God is life; that He dwells in God; that He came into this world of life. Death is incidental. It is an incident of life. The embryo is turned into life; childhood merges into youth; youth merges into manhood; manhood into immortality. Thus, a too great awe in the presence of death is not Christian. It is, I think, a pagan and barbarous thing. Did not St. Paul warn the Christians of his day that they should not grieve, as those who have no hope, at the death of their friends. Standing in the presence of the risen Christ, how can we think of death, except as a passage into a fuller life? What we conceive as death is an untruth and a sin. The material world really is not so essential a part of our very lives. It is but an accompaniment, a passage through life.

What is life? Life is, as we conceive it (who have been taught by Jesus Christ), a truth; and death, which is the opposite of life, is an untruth, or sin, which is its name in life. Where there is no untruth and no sin, death is purely accidental. It is merely a stage, a transmission to a higher mode of existence.

Yet in the presence of this awful day, when we gather here, we who knew the departed must feel that a great change has taken place in our world. In his life we can recognize no untruth, no sin. We may not say that he was without defect or fault—it cannot be said of any living mortal—but we know that a pure, fair, loving, helpful, noble and Godlike man he lived, and with him death was but the transition to true life.

It is not my intention to pronounce any formal eulogy. Among those who lived with him—those who were with him day by day—will be found one or another ready to set forth, in a fitting manner, his life and his work. He is, indeed, one of those whose lives should be portrayed; but I will leave the task to some one who has the ability to portray human

character. A life so fair, so sincere, so single-hearted, so unselfish, so beautiful, such a life as that should have a lasting record, that it may abide in the memory of man. Among his friends, I am sure, that some one will be found to do this work. Not that he would have had it done, but that it may be shown for the benefit of others.

What a fair and beautiful child must he not have been! How gentle and how sympathetic a soul must have been his! That open countenance; those fair, sky-reflecting eyes, that beautiful covering of the head! When he grew up to boyhood, what a gentle boy and youth he must have been! One would have looked upon him with delight as if an angel had passed. He was one of those who loved to follow the priest to the altar; and who in his ministering there was so gentle, so graceful and so submissive. It would seem, then, as if a beautiful angel had been dropped into the sanctuary, untouched and unsoiled by the sins of this world. I knew him not in those years, but, looking later on, when full manhood was upon him, I know that such a youth he must have been.

Who ever gazed upon a more open, more pleasant and lovable face? I often thought it was worth while to go two hundred miles to see his smile and receive his greeting. His very presence seemed to diffuse itself through the noble body. His smile, so undefiled, reminded me always of the smile one sees sometimes upon the face of a sleeping infant, as if an angel's wing had brushed over it, and the light was mingled with its divine shadow.

So noble, so pleasant, so peculiar and grand was the man; so unlike other men, he seemed to have a special charm, a special grace, a special power and influence to win and hold men to a higher purpose. I would not indulge in panegyric. Should I seek to exalt him by excessive praise, I should do him an injustice. For I know that the only words which will live, or the only writing which has endurance, is that which contains only the purest sincerity.

Possibly this was the secret of much of his power, his sincerity; the fact that he stood before all men genuine, as a friend, and helper, and counsellor, full of good-will for others, ready to give aid to all, willing to give advice to the smallest boy, always making things run smoothly, bringing about brotherhood, to make peace and happiness in the world in which he was situated. And this is Christ's method. That is the way we are to seek to live—to bring hap-

pineness and joy. If one seeks to be one of God's good workers he should strive to make men purer, sweeter and nobler, not only in mind and in heart, but in that tender life and stronger faith that comes from God.... This was all of his aim. For this he lived. And when he saw death approaching (for he did see it), with its grim visage, he did not give way to despondency; for he stood ever in readiness, guarded against every emergency, and so was prepared for death. He saw it come, but he made no complaint. He hid it partially from himself that others might not see it. He was brave, noble, not disconsolate....

Had anyone stated to him that he was doing a work peculiar to himself, that his was a God-given mission, and that if he laid down the burden no man could ever take it up in the same way, he would have looked upon such a speech as an impiety. I think he looked upon himself simply as one of God's plain workmen, doing a simple work that any other man might do; and thinking of himself—however others might think—that when he was gone, God would put another and a better man in his place.

It has often been said that there are no necessary men; that God needs none of us; that whether we live or die is a trifle. This is a false way of thinking; it is a false statement. There are men in this world who do a work that no other men could do. The greatest works that have been done on this earth have been done by men who have been led, and that could not have been performed by any other person in the same way. How many mothers there are who make the family! Without her, where would be the societies that spring up to fruitfulness and give out to the world through its people a good spirit and influence from generation to generation? without her, where would be the individuals which compose it? Not having reference to the physical side only, but also to the spiritual and the moral character; to their courage; to their faith in God. It is these exceptional mothers who make possible exceptional men. How many have perished because of the lack of such a mother! How many communities are filled with enthusiasm and with a spirit of harmony and unity and joy because the man of God is there; because Christ lives there in the person of His representative! Put in another man and all is changed. So it is in a diocese. So it is in a nation oftentimes. Has it not been demonstrated again and again in history, down from

the time of Moses, that one man or a few men have saved a people—always under God.

Do not speak lightly of these noble men of great character. They understand the situation better than we do, these pure, God-like men. If a great man is taken out of the universe, it is said that he cannot be replaced; it is true that such a loss is irreparable in one way. Just such a man will never be again—there will not be one capable of doing exactly his work. As no two men looking upon the face of the earth observe the same things in exactly the same way, so never again will the departed be replaced in the world, nor will it be richly endowed by the sympathetic character of any man who is gone. Never will another Father Walsh appear amongst us. Never can we return to this noble University and not feel that something is gone; and not feel that something is missing that we used to receive and love. This is the highest recognition we can pay to any human being, that in going out he takes with him the whole world. Never is it again altogether the same. Never is there the same genial, loving, kind-hearted man. His place can never be filled in their minds and hearts. His work in the world can never be taken up by another man and carried on in the way he would have done.

I have often spoken of him and considered why he was so kind to me. I think it was because he felt that I believed in education—in true education, as the Catholic Church understands it. He believed in the most perfect education, and held that the noblest work that man can do in this world is educational work. But it is a sad reflection upon the stage of barbarism in which we are still living that it is even now thought that anybody can teach; that anyone can educate. As if the teacher were a sort of an outcast—a man of no consideration, no place; that a man failing in everything else, who is unable to do anything else in the world, may teach. Even now we see that there are young girls put out to be teachers, simply because their services are to be had more cheaply. So they think that anyone without ability, or training, or discipline, can be a teacher. In a civilized world the noblest men and women should do nothing else but teach—teach by books, by discourse, in the class-room, everywhere. That should be the special mission of the best and noblest men in every way, physically, morally, mentally, religiously. This is the very work for which God made the world—that we be educators. This is the whole

mission of the Catholic Church. What is the meaning of this constant preaching if not to educate? Why is this religious atmosphere, except to educate? This was the teaching of Father Walsh. This was the express purpose of his life. He saw that here was a centre which should grow until it should become one of the strongest educational institutions of the country, and certainly of the West, which is the heart of the country.

He loved this University; not for the magnificent buildings, but for the power which he felt might be created and exerted here. And we now behold the wise foresight of this grand man in the power that this institution holds in the Catholic work of the Western world. Work for God, for country, for faith, for hope, for courage, for love, for purity, for unending life—this he felt, and he gave his life for it. His dead body lies there as a symbol of his sacrifice. He felt that his life and work had not ceased until death itself should come. Stricken down like a sentinel, at his post, he did his work, the noblest work he could have done. It was in his heart to gather about him all of the best men wherever he could find them. He wanted men to accomplish the work, no matter how, or by whom it was done.

Without partiality, without narrowness, without being confined by national prejudices, he was one of God's noble men, one of the grand men of the Catholic Church. How often have I spoken my deep conviction of his worth, and said, that we have few men in this country so useful as Father Walsh, the President of Notre Dame University! How often have I thought and said that the work of a bishop in the ordinary diocese is insignificant when compared with work like Father Walsh was doing. Almost any honest, fair-minded priest can govern a diocese. No extraordinary talent is needed. But to create a great institution, to raise it to the point where Father Walsh left it, to set it at the head of the Catholic institutions in this country, does require a special man. And I have thought that God preordained him for this work.

We know not God's purpose; we fathom not His wisdom. But, since death is merely incidental, I believe that not only is it better now for Father Walsh than it was a week ago, but, I even believe—it is my faith that speaks—I believe that it shall be better with Notre Dame. For even now, he will never die here. No man, from the venerable Father General, whose name will remain a perpetual benediction

with the Catholics of America, to the youngest of the Community gathered around him to-day, no one can forget him. No one can feel that it is not well for him that Father Walsh has lived. His spirit of conciliation, of gentleness, his common-sense, wisdom and forbearance, can never die. We conclude that is for the best, and that God works out everything in His own way.

Father Walsh believed in human nature. He often spoke to me about endowing scholarships at Notre Dame. He said: "We do not care here especially for the sons of rich men. We want those with talent: if they have money, well and good; or, if they have nothing, well and good. We want teachers, men of learning, for the University. But, we might take the greatest teachers on earth, and bring to them and place under them the children of some inferior tribe from Africa or Australia and they would amount to little or nothing. They must have noble minds and character, indeed noble subjects whereon to exert themselves." Father Walsh felt this fact most keenly. Find the right man, give him the benefit of a scholarship, get him here. It will be an encouragement to the Institution and the scholar. And in a little while you will gather here hundreds of those grand spirits who will go out to be saviors of human life, and leaders of their fellowmen. This was the work he meant to do in sympathy with that great man, Father General, in sympathy with those who were working with him.—and with them his work will live forever.

If we love him, if his spirit in any way hovers over us, then shall we not cease until in Notre Dame we have the best school in America, with students here susceptible of the highest culture. Thus shall we honor him. Not by unchristian sadness, not by partially assumed despondency. He is with God. Did he say with the Psalmist: "In the middle of my days hast Thou cut me down"? No! He loved God so fully that he was ripe at any time for the Eternal Reaper. Noble, great, loving, generous spirit! his noble sympathies, genial impulses, loving and helpful nature will continue to exist. His spirit is a model of religious sobriety, and of faith in God of the highest type.

He was a forerunner of the times; ahead of the race. But the race now believes in education, and it is now working for that higher learning for which he gave his life. But, let us love and honor him. May he still burn within us; may he still live within our hearts, in our determinations and resolves to carry on the work! God will find a man to take his place.

The venerable Father General still lives. His mind is still clear, his judgment is sure; he will know where to find a man. Father Walsh at Notre Dame shall still live within our hearts. So shall we associate him with this greatest college of the Western world. Still shall Notre Dame be the centre to which we turn for encouragement and help; still God's benediction shall be upon it. Since he allowed this grand man to be here at work, since he leaves Notre Dame at God's command, He will send another to fill his place.

Thus have I spoken to you, my brethren, of this noble man whom I love. He is not dead, he is alive. He has made us see more particularly how easy it is to be pure and tender, and helpful and loving and conciliatory; how to be strong, self-contained, courageous and enduring, full of virtue that makes us better, full of faith that makes us saintly.

We sometimes imagine that in olden days the noble and great men were more common than they are now. But if we look up to the heavens at night the stars seem close together, but in truth they are millions and millions of miles apart. A like illusion makes it appear to us as though in the past ages great, God-like, saintly men were thicker and more numerous than they are now. I am persuaded that it is not so. I am persuaded that if a man like Father Walsh were set along side of any of the great men of any day where beauty of spirit, where virtue was taken into account, I am persuaded, I say, in all sincerity, that this great, Christ-like spirit and human heart would compare favorably with any of those of old.

So long as the Catholic Church is able to rear men like Father Walsh, so long as she is able to bind all of their powers to herself, so long shall she be a living force in the life of mankind. Follow God, pray to Him, supplicate Him, and we can so live nearer and nearer to Him that when life shall cease we too may go and be with Him.

Telegrams and Letters of Condolence.

Expressions of sorrow and sympathy at the loss of our lamented President were received from all sides. Telegrams of condolence have been received from his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul; the Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University at Washington; the Very Rev. J. H. Brammer, Administrator of the diocese of Fort Wayne; the Rt. Rev. J. B.

Cotter, D. D., Bishop of Winona; the Rev. G. Français, C. S. C., College de Ste.-Croix, Neuilly, France; Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. J. A. Solon, Rockford, Ill.; Rev. John J. Hughes, C. S. P., New York; Rev. D. A. Tighe, Rev. Thos. P. Hodnett, Chicago; Rev. T. J. McNamara, Muskegon, Mich.; Rev. W. O'Ryan, Denver, Colo.; Rev. J. F. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.; Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. Mother Mary Cleophas, Sisters of Providence, Terre Haute, Ind.; Sister M. Pauline, Sisters of Holy Cross, Ogden, Utah; Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Chicago; Mrs. John Gilmary Shea, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. W. H. Sadlier, New York; W. J. Onahan, J. R. Boynton, M. D., Patrick Cavanagh, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Wile, W. P. Rend, Alice E. Longley, J. B. Crummy, Chicago; Dennis Sheedy, Denver, Colo.; W. P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Charles T. Cullen, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lamar and Daniel Monarch, Owensboro, Ky.; E. J. Darragh, St. Paul, Minn.; G. T. Weitzel, Transport, Ky.; Patrick Coll, Philadelphia; W. A. Kennedy, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Emil and Alwin Ahlrichs, Cullman, Ala.; Jacob Scherrer and family, E. St. Louis, Ill.; John P. O'Donnell, Saginaw, Mich.; Jacob Wile, Charlevaux, Mich. Bishop Cotter telegraphed as follows:

"WINONA, MINN., July 17, 1893.

"VERY REV. E. SORIN:

"The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America suffers with you in your profound affliction. Sixty thousand total abstainers follow Father Walsh in prayer.

"✠ J. B. COTTER,

"*Bishop of Winona, Pres't C. T. A. U.*"

Letters of condolence were received from Very Rev. A. Bessonier, V.-G., C. H. Spencer, W. K. O'Connell, Indianapolis; A. P. Gibbs, Dubuque, Ia.; J. L. Shipp, A. L. Brick, Chicago; Messrs. S. and W. Ford, Waukegan, Ill.; J. M. Hack, Vincennes, Ind.; Prof. J. Kivlan, New Haven, Conn.; D. E. Dwyer, St. Paul, Minn.; W. C. Smith, Lake Minnetonka, Minn.; W. E. Sullivan, Kansas City; F. E. Eyanson, Ind.; L. N. Dion, St. Paul, Minn.; S. T. Murdock, Lafayette, Ind.; J. H. McConlogue, Mason City, Iowa; C. Priestly, Des Moines, Ia.; F. Dory, Warsaw, Ill.

Very many others were received, but mention of them must be deferred to our next number. At present we can give space to the following:

"ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, CINCINNATI,

"VERY REV. WM. CORBY, C. S. C.,

"VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:

"Your telegram is received. A sad surprise. I do not remember hearing that Father Walsh was sick. From my heart I sympathize with venerable Father General and all of you. It is a visitation to the whole Church of

the country. God's ways are indeed mysterious. We must submit; but He does not forbid us to grieve. I would feel disposed to assist you all in rendering him the funeral honors due to his services, but Wednesday is the day fixed for the election of the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity. My presence is needed, and a large number of Sisters are assembled expressly for that purpose. I will remember him in all my Masses; and I will offer expressly for him the earliest day that I can. Kindest remembrance to Father General and all. Pray for me.

"✠ WM. HENRY,
"Archbishop of Cincinnati."

"ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,
"PHILADELPHIA, July 19, 1893.

"REV. T. MAHER, C. S. C.,
"REV. DEAR FATHER:

"Please to express to the Fathers of Notre Dame my sincere sympathy for the great loss sustained by Father Walsh's death. One of God's noblemen has passed away, and the void thus made must be sorely felt by your Congregation. Catholic education loses a champion and the priesthood an ornament. But his name will remain in benediction, and his life, ended in the prime of his manhood, will serve as a model for the best of us to imitate. The sad announcement brings sorrow to all the Temperance men of this city, who not only esteemed him, but loved and revered him. I sincerely regret that I cannot attend his funeral. I will, however, offer up the Holy Sacrifice for his soul. May our Chief High Priest enroll him among his saints.

"Yours sincerely in Xt.,
"R. F. HANAGAN."

"NEW YORK, July 20, 1893.
"REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY, C. S. C.:
"REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"I have seen in the papers, with sincere sorrow and with great sympathy for Notre Dame University and for the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the death of the late and much-lamented Father Walsh. 'Tis true I had heard in letters, recently received from Father Corby and Prof. Edwards, that there was no hope of Father Walsh's recovery, and that his death might occur at any moment. Yet death, come when it may, is always a sorrow, an unwelcome visitor, a bereavement. Abstracting entirely from the immediate cause and circumstances of the late President's death, it is, upon every consideration that can be invoked, a great loss to the University and to the Order whose ranks he had adorned through life, and to whom he was so serviceable by his great abilities, his administrative talents and his true regimen as president and professed religious. To the Church of America and to the Catholic body he is a great loss in the good Christian example and many virtues which adorned his life. I can assure you and all the gentlemen C. S. C., so many of whom are my friends, of my heartfelt sympathy.

"I remain sincerely and respectfully yours,
"RICHARD H. CLARKE."

"CHICAGO, ILL., July 19, 1893.

"VERY REV. WILLIAM CORBY, C. S. C.:

"I can recall no news for a long period past that has cast a greater gloom upon the feelings of us all than the sudden announcement, made in this morning's paper, of the death of Father Walsh. It being so entirely unexpected, not having even known of his

ill health, the sad tidings brings with it a shock of grief which is deeply felt by all the members of our family, each of whom have felt the beautiful effects of his pure life and generous nature.

"One more bright light in the constellation of honor, which surrounds our University and arouses the students of Notre Dame to pride, has been withdrawn to the wider orbit of eternal existence, and another link in the chain which binds their hearts to their *Alma Mater* has been transferred to the golden chain of noble example which will bind their hearts to the emulation of his virtues. His life was so fruitful of good works and accomplishments in his noble field of labor that we forget that it was short, and are led to reflect upon it in its close as one of extended years.

"Peace to his kind and generous soul! We who have known the beauties of his daily life, and felt his kind and fatherly care, cannot but mourn the loss; but looking up through our grief to the Author of all life, we cannot but realize His workings, knowing that in the termination of an earthly career He has opened up an eternal life of remunerative joy and bliss.

"Were my time in any way at my own command, nothing should prevent my being present to pay the last respect to our dear friend and father's memory, but I am prevented entirely by my work.

"Yours sincerely,
"MARK M. FOOTE."

"CHICAGO, ILL., July 17, 1893.

"MY DEAR FATHER CORBY:

"The death of Father Walsh has been a source of grief to me beyond what I can express. I feel his death as a personal loss, and yet perhaps this is a feeling common to everyone who had the privilege of knowing him at all intimately. To say that he was the gentlest as well as one of the most lovable, learned and wisest of men would be but to come near speaking the truth. Your Community is not alone in bereavement, a wide circle, who are the better because he lived, share in your sorrow.

"I regret exceedingly my inability to be present at the last sad rites of our dear friend, Father Walsh. Will you please say as much to the Community for me?

Very sincerely your friend,
RICHARD PRENDERGAST.

Ordinations.

On Friday morning, the 21st inst., the Rev. W. A. Moloney, C. S. C., J. F. De Groot, C. S. C., and J. A. Burns, C. S. C., were elevated to the holy priesthood in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Ind. At the same Mass Mr. Truszinski received the four Minor Orders. The officiating prelate was the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn. The new priests are known to many of our readers, and in their behalf, as well in our own, the SCHOLASTIC wishes them great happiness and unlimited success in their new field of labor.
Ad multos annos!

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, July 29, 1893.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

—The Community at Notre Dame unite with the clergy of the diocese in expressions of joy and congratulation at the translation of Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, D. D., to the See of Fort Wayne.

—How sad the time in which appears this mid-summer number of the SCHOLASTIC and the first of a new volume! Our readers know of the weight of woe with which Notre Dame is oppressed, and words are not needed to explain the hurried issue of these numbers of our college paper. In the deaths of Fathers Walsh and Granger, the religious world, as well as the Community here, has sustained a loss of typical and model men in the work of the sacred ministry—the one representing sacred learning, the other a devouring zeal for the salvation of souls; the one removed in the midst of his labors, the other called away after a long life blessed with good deeds. Both have left an impress upon the career of *Alma Mater*, which, with the blessing of God, will long endure, and secure the success of the continuance of their great work.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the late Rev. President Walsh, the Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., has been named to succeed him in the presidency of Notre Dame. It is an appointment which will give pleasure to the friends of the institution throughout the country, and is a guarantee of the continuance of the grand work carried on so successfully by Father Walsh. Father Morrissey has been at Notre Dame since he was twelve years old, is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the venerable Founder, and will bring to the discharge of the duties of his responsible office the resources of a rarely gifted mind combined with an intense devotedness and zeal in the cause of education. For a number of years he has held the position of Director of Studies at Notre Dame—an office which has brought him into daily and hourly contact with the students and enabled him to acquire that ex-

perience which will aid him to serve the best interests of the youthful minds entrusted to his charge. A thorough course of study has developed and perfected the talents with which nature endowed him. These, together with the eminently social and sympathetic qualities of a noble soul, distinguish him as one well fitted for the exalted position to which he has been assigned. His powers as an orator are well known at Notre Dame and elsewhere and give him a commanding and magnetic influence with all with whom he has relations. Broadminded in his views, he readily grasps all the various phases of a question submitted to his consideration and is quick to comprehend and deal with any impending issue. His friends are legion. To know him is at once to revere and respect him. The mantle of the lamented Father Walsh could not have fallen upon more worthy shoulders.

The Rev. James French has been named to succeed Father Morrissey as Vice-President. This appointment is also an excellent one as will be readily recognized by all acquainted with the ability and tact of Father French. The Directorship of Studies will be filled by the Rev. James Burns, whose thorough classical, scientific and literary training well qualify him for the fulfilment of the duties of that responsible position. Rev. M. J. Regan, as Prefect of Discipline, and the other officials remain the same as during the past year and will contribute to the direction of affairs that zeal and energy which has hitherto crowned with success their efforts towards the prosperity and advancement of Notre Dame.

Very Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C.

On last Wednesday evening the venerable Father Granger departed this life after a lingering illness. Though not unexpected, his death was the source of deep grief to all, and added greatly to the burden of sorrow with which Notre Dame has been oppressed. Many an old student will learn the sad intelligence with sincere regret, for the deceased priest was loved and revered by all. For half a century the life of Father Granger was so interwoven with the history of the University that no one who has studied within its walls can think of his college days without thinking of him to whom was entrusted the moral, religious guidance of the students, and whose special delight it ever was to procure the spiritual advancement of his fellow-man. He exercised an influence peculiarly his own and one productive of good far

beyond what the ordinary observer might realize. In his humble, quiet way he was brought into the most intimate relationship with students and the Community, directing minds and hearts and leaving an impress upon life at Notre Dame which will endure forever. He has gone to his reward after a long life spent in the service of his God and blessed with a meed of good deeds which will secure for him an ineffable, exceptional crown of glory in the world to come.

The funeral took place on Friday morning, and was largely attended by members of the clergy and friends of the departed priest. Very Rev. Provincial Corby officiated at the solemn requiem services, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Spillard and Dinnen as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Cummings, Ill. After the services the remains were borne to their final resting-place in the Community cemetery, and all that was mortal of Father Granger was lovingly and reverently consigned to the tomb. May he rest in peace!

Very Rev. Alexis Granger, the first who occupied the position of Vice-President in the University of Notre Dame, was born at Daon, in France, on the 19th of June, 1817. He received his primary education at home, and even had made some progress in the study of Latin before his fifteenth year, the age at which he entered the College of Chateau Gontier. Here he remained for five years, during which time, by diligence and the aid of superior talent, he completed his collegiate course.

Father Granger entered the Theological Seminary at Mans, France, in his twentieth year, that is to say, immediately after the completion of his studies at the College. After four years of earnest application to the study of theology, he was admitted to Holy Orders on the 19th of December, 1840.

For two years after his ordination, Father Granger was pastor of a congregation in the diocese of Mans, and, if we may judge by the zeal which he has always manifested for the spiritual welfare of others, since he had been at Notre Dame, his congregation lost a treasure when in October, 1843, two years after his ordination, he entered the Congregation of Holy Cross, at Mans, where the Mother House of the Congregation was then located. After a year's experience in the religious life, during which time he had proved himself worthy the confidence of his Superiors, Father Granger was sent to

Notre Dame, in 1844, while this institution was yet in its infancy. Prompted by his natural friendship for Father Sorin, his former fellow-student and the companion of his youth, but still more by that spirit of devotedness which formed so remarkable a feature in his character, he went vigorously to work, immediately on his arrival, to study the English language, and in a remarkably short time was able to speak it with considerable fluency.

Shortly after his arrival at Notre Dame, he was appointed Assistant Superior, and Vice-President of the College. The latter office he occupied till 1851. The former he retained till Father Sorin became Provincial, when he was also promoted to the office of Vice-Provincial. From 1851 to 1867, Father Granger had been, with one or two brief interruptions, Director of the Novitiate for the ecclesiastical portion of the Congregation, and Pastor of the Church at Notre Dame. In 1867 he was removed from the Novitiate, and appointed Prefect of Religion in the College, still retaining the pastorship of the Church.

In Memoriam

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME RELATIVE TO THE DEATH OF THE VERY REV. THOMAS E.

WALSH, C. S. C.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in the exercise of His holy will to call from among us the courteous and kindly, the sincere and self-sacrificing, the brilliant and gifted gentleman, who for the past twelve years was President of the University of Notre Dame, the Very Rev. THOMAS E. WALSH, C. S. C., and who meanwhile stood conspicuous before the country as a leading educator, a profound scholar, an able speaker and patriotic citizen; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame recognize that they have lost an honored associate and faithful friend; that the cause of education and the great institution of which he was the devoted head, have sustained a loss almost irreparable; that one of the brightest lights of the Congregation of the Holy Cross has been extinguished; that a valiant and indefatigable champion of right and truth has been called to lay down the cross and take the crown, and that a citizen of irreproachable life and patriotic zeal for the public welfare, has, although himself summoned early to his reward, left an example creditable to aspiring manhood and worthy of emulation by the youth of the land.

RESOLVED, That we tender to his relatives and to the Community of which he was so conspicuously gifted a member, the assurance of our sincere sympathy in this solemn hour of sadness and bereavement.

RESOLVED, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to his relatives and furnished to the press, and that an additional copy be engrossed and placed in Memorial Hall at Notre Dame.

REV. N. J. MOONEY,
REV. D. A. TIGHE,
WM. P. BREEN,
JAMES F. EDWARDS,

J. P. LAUTH,
DAVID J. WILE,
T. E. HOWARD,
WILLIAM HOYNES,
—Committee on Resolutions.

[From the South Bend News.]

Man of Many Graces.

A SYMPOSIUM ON FATHER WALSH.

REPRESENTATIVE EXPRESSION OF ESTEEM FROM
SOUTH BEND PEOPLE—HE WILL BE A CHER-
ISHED MEMORY WITH ALL WITH WHOM
HE CAME IN CONTACT.

On matriculating as a student at Notre Dame I first met Father Walsh. The last time I saw him was at the closing exercises in June when he remarked to those of the Faculty around him that he would not live to officiate at another Commencement. During all those years of my acquaintance he was always to me the ideal man in every function, with a mind as placid as a lake, reflecting like stars the truths of the most authentic creed.

Whether as President of the College Faculty or a Thespian Society; whether greeting the magnetic Blaine or welcoming the Pan-Americans; whether addressing the Cardinal in the Latin tongue or responding in French to the Papal Delegate, Satolli, he was always to me equal to any and every occasion. In the classroom, standing at the blackboard explaining a mathematical problem, as well as delivering his lectures on Voltaire or Louis XIV., his was the most elegant diction. His speeches are models of rhetorical composition and beauty and grace of style. Those who knew him loved him as well as revered him. He met every student with the same cordiality that he did the wearer of the purple. All were anxious to courtesy to him because of his delightful presence that overcame all diffidence and invited confidence. His address was most winning and his actions void of all the self-consciousness of superiority. His manner was of unexcelled dignity and charming self-possession. He had a kindly word for all. His sermons antagonized no man against his fellow; he found good everywhere, so genial was his humanity and so broad his charity. He seemed to be posted on every topic, and in its discussion added other information. Such minds are like fire, ever emitting sparks, involuntary and full of beauty. He seemed to deal with pupils in the spirit of the Latin maxim: "*Suaviter in modo fortiter in re.*" He might have been a bishop, but he preferred to be an educator. He inspired the teachers who surrounded him with the opinion of Cardinal Newman: that an institution of learning should open the mind to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to know and to digest, to use its own knowledge; to have

power over its own faculties, to have application, exactness, sagacity, resources, address and eloquent expression. He was as pious as he was polished. He lived the doctrines that he preached. To have been in the company of an Aquinas was an education in itself. To have been within the charmed circle with Father Walsh as the centre is to have felt the inspiration of his genius.

I can never forget him. He still lives. At Notre Dame, that delightful home of faith and learning, where breathe sweet sentiment and wholesome air, where holy men to departing graduates on bended knee give blessings warm, I see him still, and my soul purely rises in groping quest for his noble form. Viewless he is, but his memory, like sweet perfume, makes fragrant the place wherein he moved.

GEORGE E. CLARKE.

DEVOTED TO HIS DUTY.

It is a pleasure to be permitted to express my feelings toward Father Walsh and to speak of those traits of his character that impressed me most. My first acquaintance was social only, and when I met him I was soon impressed with the extent of his acquirements and with the modest manner in which he answered inquiries that betrayed the ripe scholar that he was. Later I learned to know him better, and to love him for his kind, genial spirit. He was a broad-minded man of the world, yet never forgot his religious profession, nor yielded anything of his convictions.

I met him still later as a teacher and superior in charge of the interests of the students of Notre Dame, and realized that he had firmness and a strong sense of duty as well as kind regard for another's feelings. When it had been my duty to lecture to the law class in the absence of Professor Hoynes and I had not been able to fill my engagements, I was promptly summoned to see Father Walsh and asked to explain. I left him with deeper respect than ever, feeling that he was devoted to his duty and that he required of everyone under him the same devotion. The welfare of the students of Notre Dame was nearest his heart, and when he questioned me about members of my class, I was surprised and pleased to find that he knew every student of the hundreds in his care better than I did the few of my class, and that he felt a sincere interest in the progress of each one of them.

In his early death the state has lost a citizen of whom all were proud, the University of Notre Dame has lost an able and devoted

officer, and all of us who knew him have lost a friend that we loved and honored.

LUCIUS HUBBARD.

"NONE KNEW HIM BUT TO LOVE HIM."

I am pleased to be called upon to contribute my feeble words to the memory of the late Rev. Father Walsh. He was a generous, considerate, affable gentleman, a profound scholar, a man of rare attainments, combining in an unusual degree the highest and noblest qualities of head and heart.

He possessed an aptitude which fitted him in a pre-eminent degree for the discharge of the various duties of his station. As teacher, his knowledge, thoroughness and zeal will ever endear him in the memory of his many students. As President, his rare executive ability was recognized and appreciated by both faculty and students, and especially by the thousands of patrons of Notre Dame who formed his acquaintance. His exalted ideas of morality and intense love for the future welfare of the young men intrusted to his care impelled him to espouse in a particular manner the cause of temperance. His advocacy of the subject and the practical enforcement of his theory was an example which college authorities throughout the whole country would do well to imitate. As a citizen he was solicitous in every movement he believed right; unselfish in his nature he advocated measures from principle and conviction, and ever did his duty from this standard. As a priest, a most conscientious and exemplary character was fully identified in him. He brought to the discharge of his sacred duties his plain, simple, everyday life. All his thoughts, words and actions were given to God, and for God alone he performed his every duty and act of his life, whether secular or religious.

L. G. TONG.

A LIFE FULL OF GOOD DEEDS.

If when we are dead some intimate friend, in the presence of several hundred of those who in life knew us thoroughly, can truthfully render so eloquent and graceful a tribute to departed worth as was done by Bishop Spalding over the body of the late Father Walsh, our lives will have been full of good deeds.

Father Walsh was a genial and unassuming gentleman whom it was my pleasure to know, not intimately, but well enough to esteem him very highly as a capable, energetic man with an abiding faith in the great possibilities of the University whose destinies he so largely con-

trolled. He seemed determined that Notre Dame should deserve to be exalted above other similar institutions in this country, and the widening reputation of the great college bears witness to the wisdom by which his efforts were guided. I trust another such broad and liberal-minded, generous, energetic and gentle character may succeed to his place.

GEORGE FORD.

THE SINCERE FRIEND.

It was my privilege to have had the pleasure of an intimate friendship with Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame University, for a number of years during the latter part of his valuable life, and it was always a delight to meet him socially or officially, and he was ever a courteous gentleman, a scholar and a sincere friend. He had the happy faculty of always saying the right thing at the right time, and in the right manner to produce a desired effect. His seeming untimely death is a shock that the country will long realize, and the memory of him will ever be cherished by his hosts of friends throughout the world.

LEIGHTON PINE.

HIS MODESTY AND BRAVERY.

There was none like him, none. There have been other courteous men, brave men, learned men, modest men and men faithful and true—there was but one Father Walsh.

And yet so unconsciously worn was the humility which was his crown that one even now hesitates to speak the words of praise which spring swiftly to the lips, because he would be first to bid them be unsaid.

He thought himself only, as Bishop Spalding told us, one of God's plain workmen, and went about his duties unquestioning, like a little child, and at the end looked bravely in the face of death,

On a sunken tombstone in a lonely graveyard a traveller read these words: "She was so pleasant!" So have people, many of them but casual acquaintances, been speaking of this genial priest and gentleman in the past few sad days.

"He was so pleasant!" It is not an easy thing to merit that commendation; not easy to hide the carking care, the bodily agony; not easy to resolutely put aside, for the sake of others, all that would cast gloom around, not easy to always "make the sun shine in a shady place"—with a smile. This he did and more.

FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Press Tributes.

[*The South Bend "Times."*]

Again has the community been shocked by the sudden and wholly unapprehended death of an eminent, beloved citizen. The occurrence of such events render the purposes of the Creator of the Universe so mysterious, so incomprehensible. Here was a man whose life, whose movements, whose activity had become a matter almost of personal advantage to thousands of people in this locality. He was one of those strong, useful characters whose individuality is, as a natural result of its inherent strength, indelibly stamped upon society. In every social, professional and political structure there are a few men who by common consent are given the position of leadership. They do not claim exceptional honor, but popular intention, public preference, accord it to them, and their own personal discernment usually enables them to see that it should be so. They become responsible, in a moral sense, for the general tone and aspiration of their surroundings—exemplars whose every word and act and thought carry with them an influence greater than that of a written precept. REV. THOMAS E. WALSH, President of Notre Dame University, was one of these. Of sturdy stock, his convictions upon fundamental subjects were deep-rooted and unshakable. Yet in all his intercourse with those who held to other beliefs and opinions there was never the slightest manifestation of intolerance. He was in the best sense of the term A MODEL MAN.

Everybody who ever had the privilege, the pleasure, of taking Father Walsh by the hand, or heard him speak, honored and respected the man. Those who stood nearer to him and enjoyed his acquaintance, admired and loved him. He was one of the most affable men to be found at the head of any educational institution. His manner was the personification of courtliness. Coupled with his profound learning was executive ability of a high order. He was a model President, as he was a model man. He was a clean man in his words and acts, for he was a clean man in his thoughts and purposes. He was a leader of men, not by pandering to their whims or crochets, nor yet to their weaknesses, but by the disclosure of superior ability which made the thoughts of men turn to him for guidance in important and delicate affairs. His mind was a beautiful piece of mechanism, and his thoughts as clear and as limpid as a mountain brook. He spoke clearly because he thought clearly, and his heart was as pure as his mind. A good, noble man has been taken from us. A great educational institution has sustained an irreparable loss. Thousands of hearts are bowed down in grief over the death of Reverend Father Thomas E. Walsh.

* *

"The young may die, but the old must,"

comes to us with added force to-day as we consider the sad tidings that come concerning Notre Dame's great bereavement, the deep affliction of every friend of Notre Dame, as well as our own city's great loss in the calling from the church militant to the church triumphant, of that gentle spirit, that versatile scholar, that noble man, Very Rev. Father Thomas E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame University.

None knew him but to respect, esteem and honor the possessor of the tireless master mind that controlled the destinies of Notre Dame University for the past twelve years. Graceful and hospitable in the dispensation of that Institution's hospitalities; thoroughly conversant with its every detail of management in their multitudinous array; firm but gentle in his firmness in dealing with the 600 students of Notre Dame, and ever a Christian gentleman whenever met and wherever placed—it is no wonder that Father Walsh had a true friend in every student, patron or visitor at Notre Dame University.

Seemingly the possessor of rugged health, he was anything but a healthy man for the past few years, but tirelessly he kept on at his labors and held his place as the executive head of Notre Dame University until the close of the last school year, only leaving for a short time to test a health resort's curative powers. He was the last man when school closed that one would have singled out as being in the clutches of an incurable disease. His pleasant smile was just as genial, his welcome just as hearty, his farewells to the outgoing students just as they had been in years gone by, but he undoubtedly knew that his chances for ever seeing the return of another school year were few indeed.

Three weeks ago he left for Waukesha, Wis., to try the health-giving waters there, intending to depart for Europe in search of health should the springs there fail in their wished for result. He suddenly grew worse and was taken to the hospital at Milwaukee where everything was done that mortal power could do to recuperate his failing health, but without avail. Shortly after 5 o'clock this morning the gentle spirit took its flight and Father Thomas E. Walsh entered upon his eternal rest.

The sad news was received here and at Notre Dame with expressions of deepest sorrow. Emblems of mourning greet the eye in graceful but solemn drapings at Notre Dame whose master spirit has entered upon his long sleep. Every member of that community feels a deep personal bereavement in this taking off of that noble man, while every citizen here, regardless of religious belief, if he had once met Father Walsh feels deeply a personal loss in death's cruel doings.

He fell not like mellowed fruit that the sunset of life had ripened, but was snatched in his very prime from the tree of Promise. His death will leave a place most difficult to fill

in the many capacities into which his life had been so perfectly fitted at the institution in which he justly felt so great a pride. *The Times* joins in the sincere expression of the universal sorrow felt in this community over his death. All who visit Notre Dame will miss the genial welcome, the glowing smile, but,

"Death upon his face
Is rather shine than shade,
A tender shine by looks beloved made."

[*The South Bend Tribune.*]

.... The life of Father Walsh was a busy one. Truly, it may be said that he lived to labor for the good of his fellow-men; to lift them from the ordinary plane of life to a higher sense of the duties of man both as pertaining to this life and to the life to come. From childhood, almost, he had labored with this sacred object in view; and how well he carried out his object is told in the life which has just gone out. Nothing was too great for him to undertake, nothing too small to be beneath his notice. He worked for all. It was this that endeared him to the heart of everyone with whom he came in touch. From the Minim to the graduate and post-graduate Father Walsh was a trusted friend and a faithful adviser. For them he labored, and it was one of his fondest thoughts to know that the University had placed on the world so many men who had found their way to high positions and enviable success.

No college president was more accessible than Father Walsh. He was always ready with a kind word for every one, and even during the last months of his earthly life, while he was suffering, a willing hand was extended to greet the visitor.

When Very Rev. Father Walsh was named for the high office of President of the University of Notre Dame he was selected because he was a young man, and one whose rare abilities were recognized and appreciated. The provincial council knew that he would show himself a remarkable leader, and felt that he possessed those qualities which are needed in a university president. The honor was rightly bestowed, as time has proven. Under the care and guidance of Father Walsh the great University has prospered. Its graduates are in every quarter of the globe, and many have attained to positions of national prominence. The presidency of Father Walsh was a remarkable one, and under him the university thrived and received an impetus that placed it where it is.

Father Walsh was a man of varied and deep learning. His life had really been given up almost entirely to study. Of Latin and Greek he made a careful study, and was regarded as one of the best scholars in those languages at the university. He was also a fluent speaker of French, and a master of English. His delights were literature, theology and mathematics. He was ably qualified to fill any chair at the University, but confined himself mainly to teaching

Latin literature. He was a student and a deep thinker, and from his pen have come many bright thoughts clothed in most beautiful language. As an orator he had few equals. When he consented to speak all were anxious to hear; for what he said was invariably worth listening to and framed in language the most choice.

On several occasions Very Rev. Father Walsh addressed audiences in this city. The first memorable occasion of this kind was on the occasion of the exercises in the court house square in memory of ex-President Grant in July, 1885. The next was at the centennial demonstration in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, April 13, 1889. On each occasion the oration by Father Walsh was a highly polished effort. At the visit of the Pan-American congress to Notre Dame, October 19, 1889, he delivered an address of welcome that made a strong impression on the visitors. His last public effort was at Decatur, Ill., only a few weeks since, when he preached at the dedication of a new Catholic church.

In the death of Father Walsh Notre Dame loses its brightest president, the State one of its most prominent educators, and this community a zealous friend. He was especially fitted for the trying position of a college president, genial, scholarly, broad-minded, level-headed. He ruled the students with a firm but gentle hand, possessing the qualities of a great general in the management of those under him, maintaining at all times the strictest discipline without the aggravating, pompous show of authority so common to men in leading positions. Under his management Notre Dame has taken a high place among the educational institutions of the world. Father Walsh was a tireless worker, but always had time for a cordial greeting to visitors to the University, and no one ever went from there without carrying away feelings of the greatest esteem for this noble, amiable man. Thousands of people in South Bend and all over the country mourn with Notre Dame to-day over the loss of her brilliant president.

[*South Bend Sunday News.*]

HE HAS DEPARTED.

A familiar face has been removed from the halls of the University of Notre Dame, and a well-known voice that spoke words of welcome and hearty greeting to every visitor is silent. The active elements of a power that stood not behind, but occupied the throne of events at the University, have been destroyed, and the wheels of progress await a new motive to set them moving again in their appointed course.

Such, practically, is the situation consequent upon the death of the Very Rev. Thomas Edward Walsh, late President of the University of Notre Dame. Practically, the king is dead

and a new one must be crowned; the vacant position must be supplied, and the work taken up where his hands relaxed their grasp and laid it down. The world has never seen a time when any man, as a man, was essential to it, nor is it ever likely to. There are ever existent among men those qualities that fit them for the performance of the duties of their predecessors, and fortunately so, too, as life is too short and uncertain for one man to carry out work intended for the advancement of the future as well as the present. "Life is short, but art is long." That which men build, create and do lives after them; and if they have worked for the good of their fellows remains to them a monument more enduring, more significant, more beneficial to succeeding generations than sculptured stone or moulded bronze. Such a monument Father Walsh built for himself, raising the superstructure within twelve short years.

It is vain to speculate on what might have been the outgrowth of Father Walsh's life had he been spared to live the time commonly allotted to man. There is in the brief span of his existence enough to form a symmetrical figure for our contemplation and a noble example for our emulation. His life was so replete with good and useful works that it would have glorified a much longer one, and still caused us to wonder that in so brief a time one could do so much. The elements that distinguished the character of Father Walsh and from which his wonderful power and facility emanated were devotion, sincerity, earnestness and honesty of purpose, and these applied to the noblest calling on earth, the cause of education, opened the fountains of his heart and illuminated their currents with the electric brilliancy of his mind. The tone of his life was calmness born of moral and intellectual strength, and out of his calmness came the sweetness that shone in his face and tempered the words that fell from his lips. He was not less a man for his priestly garb, but his manhood strengthened and adorned the sacred office. He was a man who commanded the respect and love of his fellowmen and a priest whose example made his faith acceptable to the world.

No man or woman ever met Father Walsh without a strong and lasting desire to meet him again. The charm of his presence was irresistible, and the visitor lingered under the influence of his gracious manner and delightful conversation, reluctant to break a spell that held him for the time from a different world. It was speech that was golden with Father Walsh, and yet there were times when his silence was eloquence, for he listened to those who talked to him with an interest that imbued the subject with unwonted importance. It was this interest in the thoughts and aspirations of others and his solicitude for the burdened that endeared him to all and increased the power for good works with which he was so liberally

endowed by nature and education. So that while no man is essential to the world, and while the duties laid down by Father Walsh may be taken up and performed by his successor, his place in the world is a permanent vacancy. It cannot be filled. All we have left to us of Father Walsh is the enduring evidence of his labors and a memory that will be cherished to the end of time.

[From the Fort Wayne Journal.]

Father Walsh was a conspicuous character in Catholic circles in the United States. Elevated while under thirty years of age to the headship of Notre Dame, the leading Catholic educational institution on the western continent, he at once took rank with the prelates and advanced educators of the Catholic Church.

Born in Canada, he passed through the universities of his native land, completed his theological course under the Sulpicians in Paris; before attaining majority he associated himself with the Congregation.

His precocity, his exquisite modesty, his affability, his urbane manners and his versatile attainments gave promise that the young instructor, then too young to receive sacerdotal preferment, would in the future lend adornment to the gifted Order of Holy Cross. Shortly after his elevation to the priesthood Father Walsh was called to the presidency of the University of Notre Dame and during the past fourteen years the destinies of that fane of learning have been guided by his unerring, gentle, progressive hand. The success of his work is best attested in the spread of the fame of Notre Dame, and in the fact that his name was spontaneously linked with the mention of any Catholic educational advanced movement in this land. He was the perfect type of the clergyman; his heart could ever feel the zephyr touch be it ever so delicate. His mind was of the rounded, profound mould of the scholar; his sedulity, under the impress of a disease which he knew to be surely and quickly mortal, was unceasing. He was a preacher of merit, endowed with a most attractive exterior, quick and apt in illustration, graceful in form with a diction born of his varied readings of literature sacred and profane, gifted with a mentality extraordinary, and all mellowed by a heart of warmth and gentleness and a mind always poised for right, his force in the pulpit was always impressive and abiding.

Socially, Father Walsh was a most lovable man: genial and polished in manner, in touch with all that was current in the higher literary world, with a vast fund of knowledge on all subjects, he was a charming conversationalist.

His premature death removes from view one of the notable figures in the Catholic Church, a warm-hearted friend, an unswerving citizen, a man in the fullness of all ennobling virtues, a ripe scholar and an educator without peer.